She Wanted "Back" Pension

A tall, gaunt woman, with iron gray pair, came into Phonix. R. I., behind a rair, came into Phoenix. E. I., behind a switch-tailed, buckskin horse, which she tied to a fence and then entered the office of a dispenser of the law. She pulled off her black cotton gloves, and pulled off her black cotton gloves, and began by saying: "I want to know how Taylor Hopkins' wife can get a back pension from the gov'ment when I can't get one on my man; his back wa'n't hurt no more n my man's was, and I can't for the life of me see why all the soldiers that got hit in the back has got to have a lot of money paid over to to have a lot of money paid over to them after they're pretty much dead 'n buried, when them that lost legs 'n arms 'n things, mebby their heads clean shot off, get only a small nomeral sum. My man was killed in the battle of Get-tysburg, and his little children that he tysburg, and his little children that ne told not to cry for he was coming back when his soldier clothes were worn out, grew up delaperated for the want of a parent to do for them." It happened, says the Providence Journal, to be an honest legal light with whom this poor old widowed mother talked, and old widowed mother talked, and there is some hundred dollars going into toil-worn hands from Uncle Sam's coffers even if the man didn't have his back hurt, but gave up his life from loss of "arms 'n legs 'n things," thinking of last, seeing last, in the swoon of death, the faces of his wife and little ones away off in the primitive Exeter hills of Rhode Island.

A Fairy Tale.

A Fairy Tale.

A famous woodsman once boasted that be rould find his way through a wilderness and return by the same path. Being tested, he carried with him a slender thread, which should serve as a guide for the return trip. Reaching the end of his journey, he lay down to rest. White he rested came the genius of industry and breathed upon his thread and changed it to two shining ribbons of steel. It was a railroad. Throngs of people whirled past him in fuxurious cars, and he read upon the train the mystic legend: "Wisconsin Central!"

If afficied with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Celebrated Eye Water.

Many who teach the young idea how to shoot, apparently don't know that it 's load-

The greatest art of an able man is to know now to conceal his ability.—[La Rochefou-

We recommend "Tanvill's Punch" Cigar.

Boys go to West Point for a cadetship, and

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the sys-tem. Write for testimonials, free. Manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Who of us has not regretted that age when taughter was ever on the hps!—[Rousseau.

Malaria

is believed to be caused by poisonous miasms arising from low, marshy land or from decaying vegetable matter, and which breathed into the lungs, enter and poison the blood. If a healthy condition of the blood is maintained by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla one is much less liable to maisria, and Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured many spaces, each of this distribution in Rection. severe cases of this distressing affection.

No More Quinine.

"I have been cured of malaria by Hood's Sarsa-parilia. I had the disease very bad, with fever, thills, voniting and heart trouble. I was up one day and down the next, and was so weakened that I could not walk far from the house. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla with perfect results; it gave me strength so that I am able to do all my house-work, and walk all about the neighborhood. No more quisine for me, when Hood's Sarsaparilla is so good a medicine." LUCINDA CARTER, Fra-mingham Centre, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared, only by C. I, HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar



by the Dizzines, Bad Tasts in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side TORUID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels Parely Vegetable.

Price 25 Cents. CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

If you have a COLD or COUCH, CONSUMPTION, SCOTT'S

AND HYPOPHOSPHITES SURECURE FOR IT This proparation contains the stimula-ting properties of the Hypophosphites and fine Norwegian Cod Liver Oil. Used by physicians all the world over. It is as palatable as milk. Three times as ema-cious as plain Cod Liver Oil. A perfect Emulsion, better than all others made. For all forms of Wasting Diseases, Bronchitts,

CONSUMPTION. Scrofula, and as a Flesh Producer there is nothing like SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is sold by all Druggists. Let no one by profuse explanation or impudent entreaty induce you to accept a substitute.

WIDE-AWAKE TRADESMEN



A. J. TOWER, - Boston, Mass.



FOR THE LADIES.

A Quartet of California's Bonan za Beauties.

Beauty Is as Beauty Does-Other Matters Pertaining to Feminine Pads and Feathers.

Those Flowing Wraps. Those flowing wraps! Those flowing wraps! They flutter with men's hearts, perhaps; They hang from many a dainty throat And on the autumn breezes float.

They come in most attractive hue And cover her from chin to shoe— That is, when they don't flutter and, On romping autumn winds, expand.

Those flowing wraps! Those flowing Those flowing wraps!
So sinuous and full of traps
To catch the breeze and eyes and then,
To catch and hold the hearts of men!
— | Columbus (O.) Dispatch.

Four Golden Beauties

Though Miss Flood, daughter of the California bonanza king, has more of this world's goods in her own right at present than Miss Tessie Fair, the latter will eventually be the richer. She is the favorite child of both father and mother, who are living apart. Mrs. Fair, whose first name is borne by the daughter, has, it is supposed, \$3,000,000 or more laid away for Miss Tessie alone, and that young lady from her father, the ex-United States Senator, may inherit \$5,000,000 more.

herit \$5,000,000 more.

Though she was the prettiest girl at
Monterey during the last Summer season, and though perpetually courted
and flattered, there is not a young woman in California more generally praised behind her back than she. Riches have not spoiled her. She does not, like others here have done, turn up her nose at those friends whom the family knew when her father was a hard-working mining man on the Comstock or in Calaveras, where Miss Tessie was born.

Though only nineteen years old (she made her debut two years ago) she plays several musical instruments very creditably, paints pictures of real artistic merit, is well up in literature, does embroidery and other fancy work with skill and has been all over Eu-



MISS FAIR.

rope. She has a score of no mean woo ers already. The last one, from New York, whose coming here was talked about, was said to be Herman Oelrichs. ti is as likely as not that she will be-come the wife of some poor young man. Her parents have none of that selfish-ness or pride which would prompt them to forbid such a union. She is just the sort of a woman who would help to push her husband up the ladder of rep-utation. It is improbable that she will wed any one who is not a Catholic, and who know her will be surprised she is ever captured by a fo hunter. It is said that she could have had a foreign title more than once had she cared to accept it. When she is led to the altar she will doubtless wear a to the attar she will counters wear a string of pearls that formerly belonged to the Empress Eugenie, which is among her ornaments. Her diamonds and jewels rank next to Miss Flood's.

Miss Jennie Dunphy is the daughter of another rich California family whose dower will be great. She is the youngest of four daughters, one of whom died and two of whom are married. To say that her father, William Dunphy, is a butcher would convey no adequate idea of the magnitude of his business. He is one of the largest individual land of the magnitude of his business. He is one of the largest individual land owners in this part of the country. His cattle ranch in Nevada covers about one hundred thousand acres. He has another tract of many thousands of acres in Texas. His farm near Soledad, in this State, consists of 15,000 acres. He may be termed a millionaire without stretching the point. The home of the Dunphys is on the highest point in San Dunphys is on the highest point in San Francisco—the top of the Washington street hill. From it a view is had of all the city and bay. A deer park is attached to the grounds. Miss Dunphy's father is an Irishman and her mother is Spanish. His wife's fortune and his own knowledge of cattle have n knowledge of cattle have helped Mr. Dunphy to become the wealthy man he is. Each of his regular shipments has for years necessitated the engaging

of a long train of cars.

Miss Dunphy is a tall, splendidlyformed woman, though a few who
would find flaws in the Venus de Medici
remarked when she appeared on the
sands at Santa Cruz this summer that she had grown a little too heavy. She is a Juno in build and bears herself with is a Juno in build and bears herself with the stateliness and dignity of a queen. She never goes forth in the city other-wise than in her carriage. Her father is a big man physically and her mother is proportioned similarly. Her com-plexion is creamy white, her hair the intensest black, her eyes large, dark and lustrous, and her features regu-lar. She has the best amateur soprano voice in San Francisco. She plays on the guitar, mandolin and other plays on the guitar, mandolin and other instruments; speaks German, French and Italian, as well as Spanish, is an expert swimmer and a daring horsewoman. Though never guilty of frivol-ity, it is an item of the chat of fashion-able society that she accompanied her father on horseback several years ago, when cattle were being rounded up at Soledad, and that she swung a lariat as prettily as any of the vaqueros.



MISS GOAD. A brilliant young lady is Miss Emelie lager, whose paternal guardian, John Hager, has been a Judge, a United tates Senator and a Collector of the ort at San Francisco. The Hagers do have times as much entertaining as any amily in that city, butthey have ample Miss Hager is not over twenty one years

She is a handsome demi-blonde and her

She is a handsome demi-bloude and her figure is superb.

One of the most bewitching, kissable mouths to be found anywhere is that belonging to Miss Ella Goad's pretty face. She is a decided blonde, of medium height, exceedingly good figure, and has a fair complexion and very white, regular teeth. She made her social debut year before last, and it is therefore presumed that she is about twenty years old. She has a sweet voice, is up in music and can ride a horse well. In society she is quite a belle. Her papa is W. Frank Goad, a lawyer. He made a pile of money in the Colusa Bank, and spent \$200,000 of it in building his maguificent residence on Washington and Gough streets. The painting and furniture in it cost many painting and furniture in it cost many thousands more. Mr. Goad is included among local millionaires. He is a Southerner, and is about as nice a gentleman as another could wish for a father-in-law. Miss Goad inherits her father's amiability.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great por-trait painter, declared there never was a perfectly beautiful woman. There are thousands of young gentlemen in this country of Horatio's wise and dispassionate age (just twenty) who are passionate age (just twenty) who are rendy to contradict the painter flatly. We have just had a peep into the Sunny South's correspondence box, and we find there no less than seventeen young gentlemen under twenty, who, in consulting the Sunny South concerning their affairs of the heart, begin with the confession that they are deeply in love with a mos perfectly beautiful and amiable young lady. Seen through the glamour of love, a snub is a Grecian, and eyes as dull as boiled gooseberries shine like the

Koh-i-noor,
Marriage is usually the "spectacles" which disenchants the picture and robs the mundane angels of their wings. But sometimes the illusion is kept up after marriage. We all remember how Dr. Johnson praised and petted his coarse, red-faced and ugly-featured wife, calling her the "pretty dear", and the "sweet creature." The one comic feature in Sue's ghastly novel of Paris crime and misery is the solemn old Frenchman who is always fancying that some man has designs upon his Anastasia, a gaunt, bony female of fifty. Similar instances are to be found every day in real life. I remember one most vividly. The wagon of a "mover." bound for Texas, had stopped for the team to rest under the shade of a great Louisiana pecan tree, where a party who had been nutting were sitting in the grass, counting their pecans and playing "hull-gull." The woman seated in the wagon, throned on a pile of pots, chairs, chests and mattresses, was surely the ugliest female in the world—a hooked-nosed, red-headed specimen with buck teeth and freekled visage. The geod-looking driver proved sociable, and opened conversation by inquiring how for it was to the Sabine river," and volunteered the information that he came "all the way from Alabam—the best State in the union."

"Why did you leave it, then?" was

asked.
"Well, I had a small difficulty with a fellow out there—broke two of his ribs and smashed his nose. I reckon he won't feel like hankering after other folks' wives pretty soon. A man can't have a good-looking wife in Choctaw county without some fellow envyin' him."

He nodded his head at the woman throned upon the pots and mattresses, and she grinned complacently and felt herself as irresistible as though she had been Helen or Messalina.—Fashion Paper.

Dresses Cut by Machinery. One day this week, says a writer in the New York World, I met a short. good-natured, prosperous-looking man, whose face yet bore the tan of an ocean voyage. I recognized in him Mr. A. McDowell, the inventor of the garmentdrafting machine. He occupies much the same position as Elias Howe once did, standing without a rival as a orig-inal inventer. He told me be had just returned from Europe, where he has garment-cutter. The sale in England, France and Germany comes up to his expectations. His business in this country doubles itself each year and into nearly all the first-class dressmaking houses in the United States. Among those who use it in this city are such iouses as Altman's, Denning's and

Stern's.

Mr. McDowell tells me that he worked at his invention for eight years before he got it so that garments cut with its help would fit every form and follow every fashion. It is the complement of the sewing-machine, since it shapes the parts which the sewing-machine joins into clothes. The machine takes the place of the tailor's square. It consists of an arrangement of stripes of brass or nickel—the whole being the outline form of any part of a garment, Each joint is a pivo working in a slot which is nicely graduated, so that the drafter can be set not only to any size. but also to allow for any inequality in the figure of the person for whom a gar-

ment is to be made.
In using this drafter the usual measurements of the person to be fitted are made and the drafter is then set to cor-respond with the figures. This is done very quickly, saving four-lifths of the time taken by the old-fashioned process of drafting in chalk on paper with the help of the tailor's source. The adjusted frame being simply haid upon the linings and the outlines marked along its edges. The construction of the drafter is so simple that its use is soon learned—in one-tenth of the time, in fact, once spent in learning the use of the square. Persons who never could tearn to use the square successfully may become efficient cutters with the help of this machine. It does away with all guess work and figuring, and enables the cutter to per-form five times the work that he could to with any other system.

"Do you know where I can hire a good typewriter?" asked a business man yesterday of a friend who travels around town a good deal. "No, I don't want a woman," as the friend spoke of a young lady mercantile pianist whom he knew. "And," he added. "I don't mind telling you why. I do not care to back-cap we man in this line, because they are putch and clever, but in my business, as you know, I need someone I can depend on. I cannot take any chances on any business secret being given away. One experience of that sort was enough for me. I had a splendid typewriter girl and I trusted her with everything. She held the key to my business matters, and she had a beau. To this young fellow she told all she knew. He tried to turn the information into blackmail, but I headed him off and discharged the girl. She meant nothing wrong, but many of these girls have beaux whom they confide in, and I am taking no chances with beaux in my business. If you know of a good typewriter boy send him around." Can This be Truc?

NEW POSTAGE STAMPS.

Red or Carmine Will Probably be the Color. Mr. Wanamaker Has Asked for Bids on

Them-Some Interesting Post-office Statistics.

The Postmaster General is comtemplating a reduction in the size of postage stamps. He also intends to change the color of the 2-cent stamp from its present green to either a metallic red or a carmine. The 2-cent stamps now in use are one inch in length by twenty-five thirty-seconds of an inch in width. He has asked bids for stamps sevensighths of an inch long and three-fourths eighths of an inch long and three-fourths of an inch wide. His call for bids also includes figures on the present size. After the bids are received he will de-cide upon the size and color, Three thousand millions is about the

number of postage stamps that the Post-office Department expects to furnish the letter-sending public during the coming year. This is an average of fifty stamps per year for each indi-vidual in the United States, or about one a week all around. This distribution, however, is purely fanciful, for while there are individuals who do not use one in a year there are others who use thou-sands in a day. This estimate includes ordinary 2-cent stamps, 1-cent stamps, stamped envelopes, letter sheets, postal cards and everything in the way of postage-paving articles. Of the 2-cent stamps and stamped envelopes alone there are about two thousand millions there are about two thousand millions wanted. The 1-cent stamps, 1-cent newspaper wrappers, postal cards, special delivery stamps, for mailing packages of all sorts make up the other one thousand millions. The bulk of the newspapers, however, are mailed at "pound rates," and thus the number of pieces is greatly in average of the results. pieces is greatly in excess of the stamps sold. The department estimates these at over a billion. Thus the total num-ber of pieces of mail handled by the

Postoffice Department is probably FOUR THOUSAND MILLIONS A YEAR. This is more than 50 per cent, in excess of the number handled by the Postofice Department of Great Britain, double that of Germany and treble that of France. The average pieces of mail matter per capita in the United States is 71 per year, in Great Britain 61 per year, in Germany 41 per year, in France 37. Our letter rate is 2 cents an ounce, Great Britains 2 cents an ounce, Germany 21 cents a half ounce, France 3 cents a half ounce; postal cards, United States and Great Britain 1 cent each, Germany 11 cents each, France 2 each, Germany 14 cents each, France 2 cents each. Our newspaper rates are in-finitely lower than in Europe, being only 1 cent a pound in the United States, while in Great Britain they are 1 cent per copy, in Germany ‡ of a cent per copy and in France 2-5 of a cent per copy.

The government prints its own green-backs and silver certificates and national bank notes and internal revenue stamps, and why it has never printed its own postage stamps and postal cards is not quite clear. It is es-timated that the profit on the recent postal card contract which "Al" Daggett, the Brooklyn politician, got, will be \$100,000. If there is a margin of this sort on a contract for half a billion postal cards a year, there might be some margin on one for three billion postage stamps a year for a period of four years. The Bureau of Printing and Engraving estimated that it could do the stamp printing at about the same rate as the contract made four years ago, Yet there seems to be no disposition TO CHANGE THE PLAN

by which the printing of stamps and cards is done by contracts, sometimes in Shment when the check we New York, sometimes in New England. The stamps are now printed in New England and the postal cards in New York

city.
The United States postage stamp first made its appearance in 1847. Prior to that time there was no "free-lunch" system for postmasters, for they had your check stands the credit of no stamps to lick for customers. A few broker stamps had been issued prior to that officer. Afew time by private mail carrying establish-ments, but he whose mail was carried by the government postoffice system before 1847 paid for it with money.

During the first five years of the history turned w of the postage stamp it seems to have had a hard fight for public favor, and its sales from 1847 to 1851 only amounted to \$275,000. In 1852, however, they were over a million dollars, and they have gone on increasing until now they are about forty millions a year.

The increase in postal receipts is some-thing marvelous in view of the constant decrease in rates that has occurred meantime. Less than fifty years ago it cost 25 cents to send a letter over 400 miles. Now you can send a written comunication to any point on over 400,000 miles of mail route to any one of nearly 60,000 offices for one cent.

THE FIRST RECORD

we have of a postal system in this country is an order of the government court in 1639 by which "Richard Fairbanks, his house in Boston," was appointed a place for all letters brought from be-yond the seas or to be sent thither, to be left with him and he was allowed for his trouble a penny each letter. In 1657 the Assembly of Virginia passed an act requiring that all letters super-scribed for the Public Service shall be scribed for the Public Service shall be carried from plantation to plantation to the place and person directed under a penalty of one hogshead of tobacco for each default. A subsequent act fixed the penalty at 350 pounds of tobacco and added, "If there is any person in the family where the said letters come at continuous properties and person is recome as can write, said person is re-quired to indorse the day and hour he received them." The act of the assembly of Pennsylvania in 1693 fixed the postal rate from Philadelphia to New postal rate from Philadelphia to New York, 4½ pence; to Connecticut, 9 pence; to Boston, 15 pence, and to New Eng-land beyond, 19 pence. Parliament in 1710 appointed a Postmaster General for North America, and fixed rates on letters: From London to New York or New York to London, 1 shilling; New York to Chapleston, 1 shilling; New New York to London, 1 shilling; New York to Charleston. 1 shilling; from Charleston not exceeding sixty miles, 4 pence; to places where posts are not settled, for every person riding post. 3 pence for every horse hire or postage for every English mile. The rates fixed by Congress under the Constitution (Act of 1792) were 6 cents for a distance not over thirty miles, 8 cents not over sixty miles and so on up to 25 cents for over 450 miles. It was not until 1863 that a uniform rate of postage to all points within the United States was established. This rate was 8 cents for half-ounce letters, s cents for half-ounce letters,

Knew What He Wanted Creamerie girl to waif of the street-What kind of milk do you want, sonny, skim milk?" Sonny—"Naw; I want de udder kind."

Rev. Mr. Clambroth-I beg of you Mrs. Jackman, not to allow your beau-tiful young daughter to read that vile novel that is now the talk of the town. Mrs. Jackman—She wouldn't read it.
Rev. Mr. Clambroth—Oh, I am so glad
to hear she is naturally pure-minded.
Mrs. Jackman—Yes: and so clever,
too. She wrote that book without any
help, you know.

A sure sign that the door bell is going to ring: When you are the only the in the house and are in the batters.

\$15,000 FOR \$1.

Cabinet-Maker Deckler Wins a Big Priz and Will Take Things Easy.

"I tell you we are just taking thing easy and propose to do so for the rest of our lives," said Cabinet-maker P.A. Deckler to a News reporter to-day.

"l am looking around for a good pie of tenement property," continued Mr. Deckler, "and when I purchase it I am going to settle down. Of course I shall do some light work, but there is not going to be any more standing at the work bench six days out of seven for me."

Mr. Deckler is a married man and has two children. He resides at 631 9th avenue, on the third floor. For six or seven years past he has worked for the firm of Wessel, Nickel & Gross, of 437 West 45th street. They are manufacturers of piano actions.

"On Labor Day," he said, "my brother-in-law asked me to invest a dollar in a one-twentieth ticket in the Louisiana State Lottery. I told him I would do so, as I was going to invest a dollar in the next drawing myself. By return mail I received two tickets. Mine was No. 8,174. I had been buying tickets in The Louisiana State Lottery occasionally for several years, and always funcied those bearing high numbers, so when I got this one I said to my wife that I did not believe this one would draw anything. She replied that she did not think the number would make any difference and that I would never have luck enough to draw a prize, . Still I kept the ticket, and when I read in The News the despatch from New Orleans that ticket No. 8,174 had drawn the capital prize of \$300,000 it made my little wife open her eyes. I telegraphed to New Orleans to have the story verified. The next day I re-ceived a reply that my dollar investment had yielded \$15,000. I took the ticket to Wells, Fargo & Co. for collection. There was a slight delay in the matter owing to the heavy storms, but on Monday I received the \$15,000, less the collection charge of 862.50. So you see I have a neat little fortune to retire on and bring up my family. I regard New York real estate as the best possible investment that a man can make.

James Doherty, of 211 West 46th st., in the same drawing collected one-twentieth of ticket No. 69,159, which drew the third capital prize of \$50,000, by which he received \$2,500.-New York Daily News Oct. 5.

A CLEVER FORGERY.

Depositing Money to His Debtor's Credit in Order to Get Out More.

Some years ago a merchant engaged a broker to dispose of some stock to meet an orgent demand for ready cash. The stock was sold, but the owner had considerable difficulty in getting the proceeds of the sale from the broker. At last, driven to desperation, the mer chant threatened proceedings. The broker, after making a mental calculation, sat down and drew a check for the amount realized on account of the stock sold, less 2 per cent broker's commission, and handed it to the merchant with many apologies for delay. After this both parted good friends. The transaction occurred in the early morning, and, as the merchant wanted the money urgently, he presented the check at the bank without delay. Guess his aston-ishment when the check was handed "Insuthicient." The merchant was burrying away from the bank when he met Reid, the detective, coming up the stairs. He stopped the latter and related how

your check stands the credit of the broker at the bank?" inquired the

officer.
"I never asked," replied the merchant.
"Very good," said Reid, "go back and how long standing, is permanent by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. The merchant did so, and soon re-turned with reply, "Two hundred

And the check is for five thousand?" "Yes," was the reply.
"Look here," said Reid, "there are half a dozen writs against the broker,

and he has only given you his check knowing it would not be paid in order to kill time. He will draw his money himself before the day is out, and probably bolt from his creditors. "What is to be done!" exclaimed the merchant in blank despair.

"Just this," said Reid, as cool as a cucumber: "take a pencil and piece of paper and write in a hurried scrawl as I paper and write in a hurried scrawl as I dictate; To the secretary of the—bank. Pear sir: I have just accidentally discovered that I have drawn a check in favor of — this morning, and that my credit at the bank falls short of the amount by Rs. 200. I have sont this sum per bearer to prevent disappointment, should the check be pre-sented during the day.' Now," said Reid, as the merchant linished the note, "the broker's initials."

The merchant looked up in astonishment.
"Never mind," said the officer, "it's

no offense to pay money into the bank to a man's credit, though it would be to draw money out under a forged docu-

This advice overcame the merchant's scruples, and the broker's initials were duly attached to the latter, and the money despatched to the bank. It was paid in without a question being asked. The check was afterward presented and in full. On going down the stair: the merchant met his friend the broker coming up. The latter, on recognizing the former, stopped suddenly, put his hand to his breast pocket, and exclaimed; "Good God, I have forgotten my bank book!" He then turned on his heel, hurried from the bank, and entering a ticca gharry at the door, hurried ing a ticca gharry at the door, burried away. He had come to draw from the bank the balance at his credit, but seeing the man he had intended to cheat he was afraid to encounter him; never thinking for a moment that the intended dupe had then in his pocket every pice the broker had at his credit. Of course, the merchant lost 200 rupees over the transaction, but, as Reid explained, it was better to lose 200 than 5,000.

Annie Evans, wife of Green E. Evans, a prominent colored politician, has brought suit in the Memphis (Tenn.) courts against Patrolman Conway be cause he addressed her as "Aunty." This peculiar suit illustrates the sensi-This peculiar suit illustrates the sensitiveness of the negro women to any term that smacks of slavery days. In that day all negro women of middle age or older were addressed as "Aunty," and it has become to them an unpleasant reminder of that time. In the present case the religance used the term in ent case the policeman used the term in asking to be directed to a house he wanted to find. She resented it by applying a vulgar epithet to him, where upon he arrested her, and she was fined in the police court. She now brings this suit for damage.

The art of putting the right men in the right places is first in the science of govern-ment: but, that of unding places for the discontented is the most difficult.—[Talley-

Lillian Brill, of Carroll, N. H., not yet 9 years old, has knit all her own stockings and those of an older brother and a younger sister ever since she was

Most of the "station masters" on the Rothbury Loop line of the North British Railway, Northumberland, are women. They are called "collectors," and are not compelled to wear any uniform. It is said that they do their work well and are quite reliable.

"Miss Lillian Paul, of Plainfield, Ct., "Miss Lillian Paul, of Flainheid, Ct., says the Newark Advertiser, "whose face was photographed upon a brass plaque by a flash of lightning as she stood by an open window two years ago, is ill. Her pulse at times reaches 150 beats per minute. The physicians attribute her condition to the shock she then received." then received."

The lady editor of the Norway (Me.) Advertiser owns a handsome cedar boat finished with shellac and fastened with shining copper nails. She is an able sportswoman, and while tishing on Lake Pennesseewassee she noticed that the black bass insisted on following her boat about, while refusing to take the fly. Evidently they were attracted by something. The first and most natural inference of other observers was that this was a tribute to the fair lisherwoman; but an examination of the in-terior of a bass showed that he had been feeding on a beetle that resembled in color the copper nail heads in the boat.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

One of the most effectual ways of pleasing and of making one's self loved is to be cheer-ful. Joy softens more hearts than tears.— [Mme, de Sartory.

Firs.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Neive Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Mar-selous cures. Treatise and \$0.00 trial bottle free Fit cases. Send to Dr Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa

With the nineteenth century dawned the era of wonders. It has also proven an era of surprises for notwithstanding its giant strides toward unusual knowledge, we are told that there are still in sequestered place a few citizens who havn't heard of Salvation

Catherine Lewis fainted one night in "Oli vette," but it didn't cause a ripple in the play. 'Twas only a cough, and they had a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup on hand

It is never the opinions of others that dis-please us, but the pertinacity they display in obtruding them upon us. [Foubert.

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow Is our destined end or way; But to act that each to-morrow Find us farther than to-day."

Find us farther than to-day."

The sentiment so aptly expressed by the poet ought to sound like a trumpet to every sluggish soul, and animate them to new and vigorous efforts to improve their condition. To all those who have the desire to press forward, but who are not sure of the way, we say, write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and they will be of service to you.

The sailor who "takes the sun" daily not deemed so greedy as the landsman wh merely wants the earth.

Hark, the sound of many voices Jubilant in gladest song,
And full many a heart rejoices
As the chorous floats along;
"Hall the Favorite Prescription,"
How the happy voices blend,
"Wonderful beyond description—
Woman's best and truest friend,"
Well may it be called woman's best friend,
in a little sea for her what no collections. Jubilant in gladest so

Well may it be called woman's best friend since it does for her what no other remeitas been able to do. It cures all those delica derangements and weaknesses peculiar it females. Cures them, understand. Other preparations may afford 1 imporary relied but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Frescription eff. a permanent cure. It is "unarniteed to it this, or the money paid for it will be promptly refunded. It is the great remeits of the age.

The worst Nasal Catarrh, no r.

A good many people would be poorer now if they had had more to start with. Did you ever go within a mile of a soap factory? If so you know what material they make soap of. Dobbine Soap factory is as free from do. tory. Try it once. Ask your Take no mitation.

It takes as half ou



MENY Vall cure Blood Potson where mercury fails. Owned and for

M. N. P. Cd . CHICAGO, VOL. IV .- No. 26 PERIENCE NECESSARILY Permanent positions guaranteed.
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last selling appearance Out all Pere. Writted none to BEOW's
last selling appearance of the permanent pe

Relief is immediate ead it has no equ





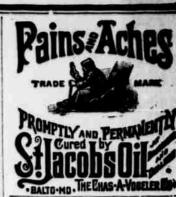
Because there is nothing which is harmless, that will make things perfectly clean with so little labor in so short a time; besides, it is economical and makes the work easy.

Do you suppose—that anything could attain such popefarity as PEARLINE enjoys, and hold it, without wonderful meritthat people would use it year after year were it harmful to fabric or hands—that the hundreds of imitations are attracted by anything but its wonderful success?

You'll do well to use Pearline—see that your servants not it, and insist that they do not use the imitations which they are often induced to try because of the worthless prize accompanying to by the glib and false argument of some peddler.

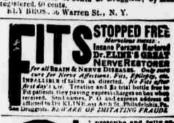
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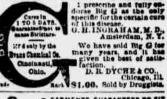
**JAMES PYLE, Now York.





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